

MADRIGAL 3.



'NcE in an arbour was my Mistress
 sleeping,
 With rose and woodbine woven,
 Whose person, thousand graces had in
 keeping, Where lor mine heart, her
 heart's hard flint was
 cloven To keep him safe*
 Behind, stood, pertly peeping,
 Poor CUPID, softly creeping, And
 drave small birds out of the myrtle
 bushes,
 Scared with his arrows, who sate
 cheeping On every sprig; whom CUPID
 calls and hushes
 From branch to branch : whiles I, poor soul!
 sate weeping
 To see her breathe (not knowing)
 Incense into the clouds, and bless
 with breath The winds and air; whiles
 CUPID, underneath, With birds, with
 songs, nor any posies throwing;
 Could her awake. Each noise,
 sweet lullaby was, for her sake !

MADRIGAL 4,



HERE, had nr^ ZEUXIS place and
 time, to draw My Mistress⁵
 portrait; which, on platane table,
 (With Nature, matching colours), as he
 saw Her leaning on her elbow; though
 not able,
 He 'gan with vermil, gold, white,
 and sable To shadow forth; and with a
 skilful knuckle
 Lively set out my fortunes' fable.
 On lips, a rose ; on hand, a
 honeysuckle. For Nature framed that
 arbour, in such orders
 That roses did with woodbines
 buckle; Whose shadow trembling on her
 lovely face, He left unshadowed.
 There Art lost his grace ! And that white
 lily leaf, with fringed borders
 Of angels' gold, veiled the skies Of
 mine heaven's hierarchy, which closed
 her eyes.